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LETTER

FROM

General *Fielding*, to Sir *C. D.* *un conb*

A true Copy ex no bonter. *Thomas Skipwith.*

SIR, 3. January. 170 5/6

THE more I examine your two Impertinent Letters, the one to my Dutches, the other to my Self, I cannot but heartily diſpiſe and contemn you, eſpecially for having the Inſolence to Write to the *Dutcheſs* of *Cleaveland* without my leave; but that which moſt provokes me, that ſuch a Reptil as your Self, could imitate a Lyon, or a Mouſe an Elephant, is that you ſhould dare ſtill to perſiſt in that Inſolent Folly as to believe me Drunk when I put you in mind of your Duty to her Grace, and my Self; for the firſt, I have Reaſon to believe you will be Corrected by her *Grace's* Foot-men; and for me, nothing but my having been a General for twenty Years, could hinder me from Cracking you like a Crab-Louſe, and teaching you Lobſter-like Figure, better Manners than to aim at Diſputing with a Man like me: But 'tis not the firſt time Pigmies have rapt at the Shins of Gyants, though they have been trod out like Spittle for it, and return'd to their primitive Nothing, which you will be, if you don't make a ſpeedy Attonement to him that diſpiſes and laughs at you; Kiſs my Arſe is too vulgar; Kiſs my Ballocks.

A

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FROM